

## MEASURING THE BABY.

We measured the riotous baby  
Against the cottage wall;  
A tiny growl on the threshold,  
And the boy was just as tall;  
A royal tiger-lily  
With spots of purple and gold,  
And a heart like a jeweled chalice,  
The fragrant dew to hold.

Without, the bluebird whistled  
High up in the old rose-tree,  
And loud from the window  
The red rose rocked her bees;  
And the wee pink flits of the baby  
Were never a moment still,  
Snatching at shine and shadow  
That danced on the lattice-sill.

His eyes were wide as bluebells,  
His mouth like a flower unblown,  
Two little bare feet, like funny white mice,  
Peeped out from his snowy gown;  
And we thought, with a thrill of rapture  
That yet had a touch of pain,  
When June rolls around with her roses,  
We'll measure the boy again.

Alas! in a dark-elm chamber,  
With the sun-shine shut away,  
Through the tears that fell like a bitter rain,  
We measured the boy to-day;  
And the little bare feet, that were dimpled  
And sweet as budding rose,  
Lay side by side together  
In the hush of a long repose.

Up from the dainty pillow,  
White as the risen dawn,  
The fair little face lay smiling,  
With the light of Heaven's throned;  
And the dear little hands, like rose-leaves  
Dropped from a rose, lay still,  
Never to snatch at the sunbeams  
That crept to the shrouded sill.

We measured the sleeping baby  
With ribbons white as snow,  
For the shining rosewood casket  
That waited him below;  
And out of the darkened chamber  
We went with a childless moon,  
To the height of the sinless angels  
Our little one had grown.

—Argonaut.

## TOM'S GRATITUDE.

If you want to encourage a worthless young man to be something you don't want to give him advice full of "chestnut" words. You don't want to tell him what "he could be if he'd only made an effort." As long as you smooth his hair the right way, he'll never make an effort. You must punch him until he is ready to howl with pain. You must irritate his "combativeness," and that organ getting aroused, will communicate its energy to surrounding organs. The result will be,—if there's a latent spark of manhood in the fellow,—that he'll jump up, smack the dust from his pantaloons and go to work. Make him mad, if possible. Tell him he's worthless; has no iron in his blood; very little brain, and it of poor quality, and nine times out of ten he'll teach you that you don't know him.

Tom Bloomfield of Magoffin County, Eastern Kentucky, was too lazy to slap a fly from his nose. He was even too indolent to make a successful fisherman. He'd let the fish take the bait before he could summon the energy that would enable him to "jerk." As a matter of course, he was a good humored fellow. No one disliked him. There must be some positive qualities in a man before he is lucky enough to make enemies. No one begrudged him a meal's victuals, although, as old Aunt Becky Smith often remarked: "It wuz jist like fixin' ter cook fer a drove of harvest hands when Tom Bloomfield was ter eat."

Tom was big and handsome. He was over six feet tall, "straight as an arrow," finely proportioned, and weighed 200 pounds. His complexion was light, of course,—dark men are rarely lazy—his hair was bright and curly, his features were handsome—almost beautiful,—and he had a perennial smile on his face. His eyes were large, but the lids being loose and heavy, they were about half shut all the time.

Hopeless as seemed Tom's nature and condition, he was in love, and foolish as it may seem to the reader, a very energetic, spirited, and withal, a beautiful rural beauty was in love with him. She knew how foolish it was to love Tom, but what does love care for intellectual decisions?

The name of this young lady was Kitty Martin. She was the daughter of a prosperous mountain farmer. The father never objected to her keeping company with Tom, because he believed that she had too much sense to take to him seriously.

One day the two, Kitty and Tom, were out beneath a large apple tree in her father's orchard. Tom was laying flat on his back, his head resting on his locked arms. Kitty sat with her back against the trunk of the tree, knitting. They had been silent for a long while. Kitty was thinking Tom must be asleep, when, all at once, he wiped the ball of his forehead across his eyelids, lazily glanced a time or two, and spoke:

"Kitty."

"What?" absently spoke Kitty.

"Der ye reckon me and you will ever git married in this 'ere world?"

"No," laconically responded Kitty.

"Why, Kit?"

"Thar is several reasons."

"Name one or two, won't ye?"

"Crowsily spoke Tom.

"Wal, one iz, we'd have to have license."

"Course."

"Course, and con. it's outer the question to think you'd ever have enough money ter buy 'em."

"Why, Kit?"

"And then thar'd be a preacher ter pay."

"Why, Kit?"

"An' then you'd have ter have sumthin' decent ter wear."

"Why, Kit?"

"An' we'd have ter have sumthin' ter live on arter marriage."

"Why, Kit?"

"An' it would be necessary fer you ter work a little, too."

"Why, Kit?"

"And Tom laughed as loud as his reluctant energies would permit. But Kitty "didn't crack a smile." She looked serious—nay, angry, as angry as it was possible for her to look where Tom was concerned.

"Oh, ye needn't ter laugh an' make fun, Tom," she spoke, a little spot of angry blood burning in each cheek. "It ain't no laughin' matter."

"One hed jis' as well laugh az ter cry, Kit," returned Tom, a little more serious.

"No; one had better cry than laugh in this case," returned Kitty, her chin slightly quivering.

"Then you won't marry me?" spoke Tom, after a long pause.

"No, of course not, Tom.

"Don't ye love me?"

"Of course I do. I can't help that, but I can help marrying you."

"Wal, Kit, suppose I jump right out an' go to doin' somethin', then what?"

"Oh, you'd jist as well ax me what I'll do when the jgment day comes. You'll never hop out. You ain't got no hop in yer nature. You 'ar simply a great, big, han'some, good-natured chunk of no countness.

"You won't never be nuthin'. It ain't in ye. You orter be killed, Tom, if it wasn't that powder an' lead costs money. I wish you wuz gone out of my sight, an' I'd never see you no more. If you don't git up an' leave this neighborhood, I'm goin' ter hav ye arrested, an' sold as a vagrant! An' you talk about marryin'! The great Lord, Tom!"

Tom's eyes opened wider than they ever had before. That smile, that had had so much to do in moulding his countenance, was almost gone. He gazed long at Kitty, hoping to see a smile break through that cloudy expression on her face, to show him her anger was only feigned. But the expression grew darker and darker every moment. Finally she arose, as by a sudden impulse, and, looking down in Tom's wondering face, said: "Tom, I mean all I've said, an' much more. I want to warn you; don't fool around me no more. Leave this county, if you know what's good for you."

Saying this, the beautiful girl, a tear creeping to each cheek, left for the house, leaving big, lazy, handsome Tom, lying on the grass—thinking!

Yes, the first serious work he had ever did in his life, he was doing now. Tom was actually thinking! And thinking hard, too. Out of his loved one's terrible denunciation sprang a force that was stirring that sluggish nature to the bottom. By a rude, rough hand, she had opened a door in his nature revealing a great store of possibilities never before suspected. Tom, the worthless, thoughtless vagabond, arose from that shade a determined, hopeful, resolute, capable man.

Three weeks from the day Kitty and Tom parted beneath her father's apple tree, she received the following, post marked "Vanceburg, Kentucky." It ran as follows:

"DEAR KITTY—I am well, hoping these few lines will find you enjoyin' the same bleasin' uv health. Did you know I wuz gone off? I am. I'm away off down in Luis Co. I started off that evenin' arter you had slich encouragin' talk to me. I cum hur an' got a job on the Chesapeake and Ohio railroad. I got a job on a section, an' I didn't work only a week until they put me on a section boss. This job suits me the best, az I seem more adapted ter givin' orders than bein' ordered ter work. The big men uv the road has took a likin' to me somehow, an' say if I stick an' go right on, I might git ter be a Kunkdutor on one o' them passenger cars sum day. What would ye think ter see me with a blue soot on, with big brass buttons er glistenin' like stars, an' a cap sot on my head with 'Kunkdutor' printed on it with strings o' gold? Kit, I'm goin' ter show you how bad ye wuz mistaken about me. I'm goin' ter be sumthin' er die a tryin'. I'm tryin' ter learn sumthin', too. A mighty purty little gal, stayin' at same hotel whar I do, is teachin' me ter spell an' write better, an' is givin' me lessons in figgers. She sez I'm awful quick ter learn, an' sez it is jist 'perfectly delightful' ter teach me. I don't see how a gal like her could have the patience with such a big malumk as I am. Wal, good-by, Kit. I hope the time will come when you won't be ashamed uv me an' will even be willin' ter—well, never mind. I'll tell ye some day, maybe.

Yours forever,  
Tom."

Kitty read this letter with delight, until she came to the announcement that Tom was taking lessons under a "pretty little gal," who took delight in her duties. But the slight pain this gave her was swallowed up in the great joy she felt at the evidence of her lover's complete transformation. "I was so sorry to talk to him the way I did," she soliloquized, "but I now find it was the best thing that could hev ben done fer him. That very talk has started him up from being a no account lounjin' nuthin', ter the makin' of a man." Kitty, thenceforward for many months, went singing about, gay as a lark, thinking and dreaming only of the time when she would be the wife of big, handsome Tom.

Four years went by. Kitty for the first year received many letters from Tom, all of which were a history of the continual improvement, and business advancement of a capable man. The second year the letters were less frequent, but when one came, the great delight it gave, made ample amends for its tardiness. The third year, she received only one letter, and it was a very brief one, written in a bold, business-like hand. He was the train dispatcher for a road out West, and was receiving a big salary. At the end of the fourth year she received the following:

"DEAR FRIEND KITTY—Have you forgotten your old time friend, Tom Bloomfield? I'm sure you have not. I want to thank you a thousand times for the great service you did me in scarin' me away from that God-forsaken country. I am now General Passenger Agent for the L. & C. R. R., with headquarters at Kansas City. Are you married yet, Kitty? I'm sure you are. If so, I'm very sure your husband will not object to my writing a letter, thanking you for the great service you rendered me. My wife joins me in expressing her gratitude for the service she contends you rendered her.

Very gratefully yours,  
THOMAS L. BLOOMFIELD

—Yankee Blade.

Medicine from Corn Silk.

Medicine is manufactured from silk of the common Indian corn. It has an active principle which is soothing to the liver and kidneys.

It can't be very agreeable to an actress to run across old acquaintances who knew her forty years ago.

Aaron Burr's Influence.

Within the memory of middle-aged people, a woman died at a great age in one of the Middle States whose recollections, had they been published, would doubtless have thrown light on many obscure passages of our early history. She was the daughter of a man eminent in the political struggles of the first years of the Republic. One anecdote which she often related, gave the details of a dramatic chapter in the life of Aaron Burr.

Miss Blank, then a beautiful girl of 18, went with her father to Richmond to witness the trial of Burr. Her father was one of his prominent political enemies, and she had been taught to call Burr the archtraitor, and to denounce him with the wrath of an ignorant child.

Burr was released on bail during the trial. The day after Miss Blank's arrival she received a beautiful and costly basket of flowers from him. The next evening he called upon her, as he had done upon all the ladies at the hotel.

So winning was his manner, so apparently sincere his words, that Miss Blank was led to believe in his innocence.

On the day of trial, Burr's friends and enemies took opposite sides of the little court-room. In her old age Miss Blank confessed that, on entering the court-room, she dropped her father's arm, and seated herself among Burr's friends. "And," she cried triumphantly, "every woman present—many of them the wives and daughters of his opponents—was upon that side of the court-room."

Her triumph was short-lived. Her father led her out of the court-room, and it gives us a significant insight into the customs of the time to know that he took her to her room, locked her into it, and kept her there during the trial.

"I spent the time," she said, "praying for the safety of Aaron Burr. I was not in love with the man. I am convinced now of his guilt. Yet such was the power of his gentle, sincere manner, that to this day I feel its charm."

Burr's wit, she often declared, was as brilliant and harmless as sheet-lightning. A malignant word, even against his foes, never passed his lips. His ambition was a plague-spot that tainted many sweet and kindly traits in his character.

A School-Boy on Corns.

Corns are of two kinds—vegetable and animal. Vegetable corn grows in rows, animal corn grows on toes. There are several kinds of corn; there is the unicorn, the capricorn, the corn-dodger, the field corn, and the toe corn, which is the corn you feel most. It is said, I believe, that gophers like corn; but persons having corns do not like to go far if they can help it. Corns have kernels, and some colons have corns. Vegetable corns grow on ears, but animal corn grows on the feet, at the other end of the body. Another kind of corn is the acorn; these kind grow on oaks; but there is no hoax about the corn. Many a man, when he has a corn, wishes it was an acorn. Folks who have corns sometimes send for a doctor; and if the doctor himself is corned he won't do as well as if he isn't. The doctors says corns are produced by tight boots and shoes, which is probably the reason why when a man is tight they say he is corned. If a farmer manages well he can grow a good deal of corn on an acre; but I know a farmer that has one corn that makes the biggest acher on his farm. The bigger crop of vegetable corn a man raises the better he likes it; but the bigger crop of animal corn he raises he does not like it. Another kind of corn is the corn-dodger. The way it is made is very simple and is as follows—that is if you want to know. You go along the street and meet a man you know has a corn, and who is a rather rough character; then you step on the toe that has the corn on it and see if you don't have occasion to dodge. In that way you will find out what a corn-dodger is.

Frozen Eggs.

In the winter season quantities of eggs are frozen, and it is generally considered that such eggs are worth but little, or so say the least, are much injured for cooking purposes. This, however, is not strictly true, for if properly treated they are but little injured. Instead of putting them into cold water to take out the frost, and waiting several hours for the thawing to take place, as was the custom, according to the Poultry World, and then finding the yolks in such a solid state that they can be used with no satisfaction in cooking, try the following method: Place them in boiling water and leave them there from five to twenty minutes, according to the amount of frost in them, when, upon their being opened, the yolks will be found in such a state that they can be used for almost any culinary purpose.

Stub Ends of Thought.

Man is only as rich as he is contented.

People find fault without looking for it.

Some hearts are like flint—it takes a blow to bring the fire out.

What is most beautiful in a face lasts longest.

Judge a man by the clothes he pays for, rather than by those he wears.

If there is honor among thieves, they stole it.

Don't give the devil his due if you can prevent it.

What is one man's cloud is another man's sunshine.

Only human beauty is spoiled by admiration.

When life becomes too sweet, the fear of losing it corrects the sweetness.—Free Press.

There never was so big a fool that he couldn't learn how to count money.

## STATE NEWS.

The Fort Scott sugar company has let contracts with farmers to grow about 1,500 acres of cane this year.

There are seventy-eight high schools and academies in the state that wholly or partially fit students for entering the state university.

The Masons of the state are expected to contribute \$1 each a year for five years to constitute a fund for building a home at some central location.

Mrs. Anna Potter, wife of a prominent insurance man of Kansas City, Kan., has announced herself as a candidate for mayor of Kansas City.

About 1,700 varieties of the flora of Kansas have been collected for exhibition at the world's fair. Botanist B. B. Smythe is preparing the display.

Republic City News: There have been more real estate transactions in the neighborhood this spring than have ever occurred for the five years last past.

Topeka Journal: Four hundred tons of rock broken by the prisoners in the county jail is being used to macadamize Locust street, on the road to the cemetery.

From Wellington: W. A. Sanders, aged 65, a prominent and well-to-do farmer of Sumner township, this county, dropped dead of heart disease on the street here.

John H. Brown, grand secretary of the grand lodge of Masons of Kansas, the oldest and widest known Mason in the west, passed away suddenly after a short illness at his home in Kansas City.

Barnes letter: Several car-loads of walnut logs are being loaded here to be shipped to Liverpool. The owners of walnut timber in this section are getting from \$12 to \$20 per 1,000 feet for the same.

There are several hundred Kansas republicans holding minor positions in the government departments at Washington, who will retain their positions, having been appointed under the civil service rules.

McPherson Republican: The district clerk informs us that there is not one foreclosure suit filed in the district court where there were ten a year ago. What better evidence of prosperity do we want than this? It shows the mortgages are being paid off or renewed on favorable terms. McPherson county is in a prosperous condition, as any one can see by a little investigation.

Judge David Lee, an old settler of Troy, seemingly died after a short illness, and two physicians examined the body and pronounced life extinct. Three hours later Undertaker Byers had stripped the body and was dressing it for burial when the supposed dead man opened his eyes and, recognizing him, exclaimed: "Byers, what in the name of God are you doing?" The old man is alive and will probably get well.

"The city is in excellent financial condition," said City Clerk George Tauber, of Topeka, to a reporter. "On April 1st four years ago the city was \$36,000 in the hole, with only \$460 in the treasury to pay it with and also to run the city for four months more. Now the city is practically out of debt and has \$25,000 in the general revenue fund and \$38,000 in the general improvement fund."

Leavenworth Times: A new electric coal-mining machine was placed in the Leavenworth coal shaft by Charles Davis, of Chicago. The machine weighs 2,300 pounds and does the work of forty men in mining coal. Superintendent Carr says the putting in of the machine does not mean a decrease of men, but it is a necessity. The output of the mine is now 800 tons daily. The mine has a capacity of 1,200 tons per day.

Nearly 1,400 students, besides the faculty of the state normal school, assisted by many citizens, held a grand rejoicing over the legislature appropriation granting \$50,000 for additions to the building. Bands paraded, and fireworks and orations were indulged in. The school now has representatives from every county in the state and from every state in the union, and the additions will greatly increase and facilitate the work.

The Atchison Champion tells of the Kansas Trust and Banking company of that city. Its holdings include 30,000 acres of farming lands in Kansas, enough of it rented at figures that will produce the interest on the mortgages which cover it. The company has three classes of creditors. First, the holders of first mortgages on real estate in Kansas, which loans were guaranteed by the company; second, holders of debentures, which were protected by deposit of mortgages with a trustee equal in amount with the debentures issued; and third, creditors holding the notes of the company for borrowed money. The first two classes are fully protected by their securities, and the latter class are secured by the company.

The Hutchinson News says that Hutchinson has a total of sixteen salt plants, and one of them, that of the Kansas Salt company, is the largest in the world. The average daily output of salt from that city is about 4,000 barrels, or forty car-loads. The plants run every day in the year, making the production reach the enormous total of 1,500,000 barrels. The importance of this industry to Kansas may be in a measure appreciated when it is known that salt sells in every town in the state for \$1.50 per barrel less than it did before the works were established. That means a round million of dollars saved every year to the people of Kansas. There underlies every acre of land in Reno county a half million barrels of salt, and the output of a century would scarcely have an appreciable effect upon it.

Wilson special: The fearful gale was accompanied by a prairie fire a hundred miles in extent that moved along with the speed of a railroad train, destroying everything in its path. It was the most destructive prairie fire in fourteen years. Starting between Bunker Hill and Dorrance in Russell county, the fire soon reached a frightful magnitude, and aided by a fierce gale blowing at the rate of forty miles an hour, the fire swept over the country in a northeasterly direction, spreading dismay among the people and entailing a great loss of property and life. Thousands of acres of pastureage have been burned, and seven lives are reported as being lost and many more persons are injured. A couple of survey loads of men, accompanied by Dr. William Lillie, went from this place to give their aid and assistance to the many sufferers by the fire. When the fire reached the Saline river, being fanned by the gale, it leaped across the river and with renewed energy rushed onward, leaving homeless families and devastation in its wake.

## KANSAS CHURCHES.

North Topeka item: The colored Baptist preachers of the state were in quarterly session at Barker's church last week.

The Rev. Dr. A. B. McCurdy, of Fort Scott, Kan., has accepted a call to the pastorate of the First Baptist church of Beatrice, Neb.

Topeka Capital: The small storm entrance to the east door of the Central Congregational church was blown over during the high wind Sunday night.

Atchison Champion: It is thought that the work of decorating the interior of St. Benedict's church will be finished by Easter. The work will cost about \$1,600. The frescoing is the finest ever done in the city.

Stafford People's Paper: Rev. Hull, of Garden City, who some five years ago was pastor of the Congregational church in this city, was again in town and preached in the Baptist church. There is a move among his old parishioners to secure his services again here.

The general condition of St. Paul's church at Kansas City is very much improved since Rev. Howard took charge of the work. He is earnest and enthusiastic in his efforts and has exercised rare judgment in his management of church matters. Bishop Thomas, who sent him here, was greatly pleased at the evidences of good and effective work and predicted much good work for the future.

Emporia Republican: The attendance at the First Congregational church, both at morning and evening services, was unusually large, the church being filled to its full capacity on both occasions. Interest in church meetings through the week is also being manifested in a greater degree, and the proposed series of Sabbath evening lectures by the pastor is causing a revival of interest in church matters such as has not been shown for some time past.

## KANSAS RAILROADS.

Atchison Champion: Twenty-two cars of merchandise, consigned by Atchison merchants to points east and west, were received at the Missouri Pacific freight depot in one day. The Santa Fe and Rock Island are also shipping more goods than for many years past.

Emporia Republican: The Santa Fe is certainly under excellent management. Recently we ordered a bill of goods from Chicago, several hundred pounds, by freight. The bill by mail and the goods by freight started at the same time and the goods got here before the letter did. The freight beat the mail. The same thing was nearly repeated to-day on a bill from Kansas City. The freight got here as soon as the letter did, and there was no delay in the mail, either. The Santa Fe gets there.

Atchison Champion: The employees in the Missouri Pacific freight depot have been up to their eyes in work for several weeks, but just now they are rushed more than ever. On an average of fifty cars of freight are being loaded and unloaded daily. The receipts all consisted of shipments by Atchison wholesale merchants and afford a pretty good idea of the amount of business the wholesale merchants are doing. The workmen at the Missouri Pacific depot have been compelled to put in from ten to twelve hours each day for more than a week. Spring trade has opened up in much better shape than was expected, and as a consequence there is rejoicing all along the line.

## STOCK AND FARM.

The fine herd of buffalo owned by Hon. E. M. Hewins, of Chautauqua county, will be taken to the world's fair.

Cheyenne county is shipping potatoes to eastern states. Those irrigating ditches are a big thing for that county.

Wellington Standard: Our farmers are busy sowing oats and a great many are sowing considerable barley. Some have planted potatoes and made garden.

Mankato Review: It remains for a woman of Jewell county to walk off with the laurels for successful hog raising in this county. Last week Mrs. H. Wells, a widow lady of Ionia township, sold a hog that brought her in cash over \$43. Mrs. Wells says the hog sold was never fed anything but Kansas corn and water.

El Dorado Advocate: J. W. Robison is a great believer in tame grasses. He is preparing to sow forty bushels of clover and seventy-six bushels of English blue grass seed. Grass seed is very high this season. Mr. Robison bought the best there was on the Kansas City market and paid \$9.50 per bushel for clover, \$2.50 for timothy, and from \$2 to \$2.50 for English blue grass.

## SERIOUS FACTS ABOUT BREAD.

Which Housekeepers Should Earnestly Consider.

A serious danger menaces the health of the people of this country in the numerous alum baking powders that are now being urged upon the public. There is no question as to the detrimental effects of these powders upon the system. Every board of health, every physician, will tell you of the unwholesome qualities they add to the food. Some countries have absolutely prohibited the sale of bread containing alum.

Even small doses of alum, given to children, have produced fatal results, while cases of heartburn, indigestion, griping constipation, dyspepsia, and various kindred gastric troubles from irritation of the mucous membrane, caused by the continuous use of food prepared with the alum or alum phosphate powders, are familiar in the practice of every physician.

It is not possible that any prudent housewife, any loving mother, will knowingly use any article of food that will injure the health of her household, or perhaps cause the death of her children.

How shall the dangerous alum powders be distinguished? And how shall the danger to health from their use be avoided?

Generally alum powders may be known from the price at which they are sold, or from the fact that they are accompanied by a gift, or are disposed of under some scheme. The alum powder costs but a few cents a pound to make, and is often sold at 20 or 25 cents a pound. If some present is given with it, the price may be 30, 40 or 50 cents a pound.

It is impossible to name all the alum powders in the market, but any baking powder sold at a low price, or advertised as costing only half as much as cream of tartar powders, or accompanied by a present, or disposed of under any scheme, is of this class, detrimental to health, and to be avoided.

But the easy, safe and certain protection of our bread, biscuit and cake from all danger of unwholesomeness is in the use of the Royal Baking Powder only. This powder is mentioned because of the innumerable reports in its favor by high medical authorities, by the U. S. Government and by the official chemists and Boards of Health, which leave no doubt as to its entire freedom from alum, lime and ammonia, its standard, stable and wholesome quality. While its use is thus a safeguard against the poisonous alum powders, it is satisfactory at the same time to know that it makes the whitest, lightest, sweetest and most delicious food, which will keep moist and fresh longer, and that can be eaten with absolute safety, hot, cold, or fresh, and also that owing to its greater strength it is more economical than others.

These facts should incline consumers to turn a deaf ear to all importunities to buy the inferior powders. If a grocer urges the sale of the cheap, impure alum brands, it should be borne in mind that it is because he can make more profit on them. The wise housekeeper will decline in all cases to take them.

Take no chances through using a doubtful article where so important a matter as the health or life of dear ones is at stake.

Jagson says we never know how bad our friends can be until we see them in amateur theatricals.

"What are you marking those collars for? You said they didn't fit." "That's all right, I put my name on them, I'll never see them again."

## A Fin de Siecle Paragon.

Lady: Do you sell photographs?  
Agent: We only rent, madam.  
"Well, I'll take one."  
"Shall I send it to your house?"  
"Not now. Put it up for a week at the club that must be ready, now, and then bring it to me."—New York Weekly.

## Out of an Engagement.

Please, mum, would ye mind helpin' a reduced professional gentleman wot can't git engagements this time o' year?"  
Farmer's Wife: Huh! Professional gentleman, are you?  
Tramp: Yes, mum. I'm a professional scarecrow, mum.—New York Weekly.

## A WORKINGMEN'S BUILDING.

Novel Enterprise at St. Louis—Elaborate Arrangements for the Exposition.

St. LOUIS, Mo., March 18.—There is no city in the United States that has a building of any importance whatever devoted entirely to the uses of workingmen and owned by them. St. Louis is to have one very soon. The lodges and unions of the city have discovered that they are paying to the owners of the various halls in which they hold their meetings something like \$30,000 a year in rent, and they are tired of it. The ruling rate of interest here is eight per cent. The workingmen could pay the interest on \$360,000 with the money they now spend for rent. That is the way they look at it, and the contemplation of the fact has driven them to the decision to build a hall to cost about \$350,000 and pay for it by the rent charged; the organizations that use it. As all the building trades are supporters of the plan the building will probably be erected without delay, the idea being; now to finish it this year.

A new charity has been established in St. Louis on such a broad foundation that its success is guaranteed. It has been found that some of the children in the public schools were so insufficiently fed that it was useless to expect them to study. They were sent off in the morning with a scanty breakfast and no lunch, and got very little to eat at night. A plan to help these families was at once put into operation, in charge of the Provident Association. Agents were sent around to the homes of all the school children who were inadequately clothed and fed, and systematic relief was provided for the heads of the families. The plan was suggested first a month ago, and the principals of the schools report that it has resulted in a great increase of pupils and much more satisfactory work. The charity will be made a permanent one, and it has assurance of strong financial support.

There has